

## WHISTLER'S PEACOCK ROOM

It Has Been Moved from the Late F. R. Leyland's House and Is Exhibited in a London Gallery

From time to time many people have wondered what would be the ultimate fate of Whistler's "Peacock Room," one of the best known and least known of his works. Everybody has heard of it, but few have seen it. Its present fate is to be in the market.

The "Peacock Room" was, of course, designed for, and to some extent in spite of, the late Frederick Richard Leyland. It developed out of the dining room in his house in Prince's Gate.

A large part of this house had been decorated by Norman Shaw, with the assistance of another architect, named Jeckyll, and of Murray Marks. The dining room was entirely Jeckyll's work.

He designed a wooden ceiling, with pendent lamps, and on the walls an elaborate shelving for the display of Mr. Leyland's fine collection of oriental china. This shelving was carried out in walnut wood, and the panels were fitted with brown Spanish

when they next met. Much gossip may be read about the matter in the Whistler books.

It is certain that there were disagreements. It is certain that as a consequence of these Whistler introduced into his decoration a symbolic representation of the Almighty Dollar, for there it is to be seen to-day.

All the decorations seem to have been carried out by Whistler with only one assistant, and to have been completed in little more than six months—a remarkable achievement.

The brown leather became a deep, rich, greenish blue—the peacock blue. The red flowers faded quite away. Woodwork was lacquered. Flat spaces were gilded.

Gold got into the hair of the busy decorators. Gold covered their faces. Paint dropped into their eyes. But on they worked, Whistler now bent upon the floor, now on a scaffolding, now in a hammock slung from the roof, and using sometimes a brush



### FAMOUS PANEL OF THE QUARRELSOME PEACOCKS.

It refers to the quarrel between Whistler and F. R. Leyland. The circular spots of silver and gold symbolize the Almighty Dollar. Whistler also designed the sideboard.

leather decorated with small flowers. The leather alone cost £1,000.

When Mr. Leyland bought Whistler's "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," which occupied a position of honor in the memorial exhibition at Boston, he placed it in a recess above the mantelpiece of his dining room; and here, so Whistler thought, the surroundings were not quite suitable to the picture.

The leather was too dark and the flowers were too red. The interfered with the delicacy of his own tints. They were as vulgar fellows in a gracious presence.

So, with the owner's consent, the artist set about lightening the one and reducing the other with touches of yellow, but at first only in a tentative way. Apparently, it was during the owner's absence from home that a complete scheme of decoration presented itself to the mind of the artist; and characteristically enough he did not seek the owner's consent before beginning the new work.

Nearly thirty years have gone by since it all happened. Artist and owner are dead, and it is difficult to know just what each said to the other

fastened to the end of a fishing rod.

Confronting the "Princesse," above a sideboard which Whistler probably designed himself, and spreading nearly across the end of the room, came the superb panel of the two quarrelsome peacocks—gold and silver on blue. Three splendid peacock designs were placed upon the closed window shutters. Upon all the walls spread harmonies of gold and blue.

Originally well proportioned, and suitably fitted with woodwork, the room became one of the most beautiful rooms in the world. Possibly it is the most beautiful room in the world.

At any rate, it is unique. And in this unique state the "Princesse" lived till Mr. Leyland died. She brought £471 at his sale in 1892. Then she discovered America.

The room, however, kept on staying just where it was, and only recently did it occur to somebody that it might be possible to detach the decorations from the actual structure of the walls. Expert examination made this possibility a certainty, and the "Peacock Room" was intrusted to Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, of the Leicester galleries, Leicester square, for dis-

posal. They sold it to Messrs. Obach of 168 New Bond street.

Every panel, every scrap of leather, every stick of wood was carefully detached, wrapped up and numbered in its due relation to the whole. And today, for the first time, any member of the general public who possesses half a crown and the improbable desire to spend it on aesthetics may behold the "Peacock Room," skillfully reconstructed, in Messrs. Obach's galleries. All relative arrangements have been carried out with taste and judgment, and the exhibition will remain open for not less than a month and probably longer.

The place of the "Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine" is at present occupied by a mirror. If this room could be secured for America, and if the "Princesse" could be restored to her throne room, designed by a great artist in defiance of all social conventions, for the sole purpose of displaying her beauty, future generations would be grateful.—New York Sun.

### Women as Witnesses.

The curious case heard before Judge Smyly last week, in which two middle-aged women of evident intelligence swore to two directly opposite stories, suggests the question whether women make reliable witnesses. The late Lord Chief Justice Russell declared once that where no question of prejudice was concerned a woman's evidence was more valuable than a man's. There is no doubt that in noticing small matters of detail women are much quicker than men and have a much better memory, but they are strongly apt to be influenced by prejudice. During the trial of Canham Reed, the South End murderer, one of the witnesses, an old woman of more than sixty, swore to the identity of the prisoner, although she admitted that she had only seen him once in her life—six months previous—when he passed her hurriedly on a country road at 10 o'clock on a November evening. She declared that she recognized him by the flash of his eye. Such minute evidence as this no man living would venture to give, even in a civil action, much less when a human being's life was at stake.—Tatler, London, Eng.

### He Wanted the Classics.

Apropos of Col. Edwin Emerson, Jr., war correspondent in Japan, whose erroneously reported death in Manchuria was one of the topics of conversation last week, he is a much younger man than his title of colonel would suggest. A Baltimore lady recalls being the guest of his father, Prof. Emerson, in Munich, Bavaria, when the still youthful scribe was an infant of six summers. Prof. Edwin Emerson and his Maryland guest were starting for an afternoon tea when Edwin, Jr., was discovered sitting disconsolately on the floor.

"Why, what is the matter, my son?" quoth the professor.

"I want something to read," lamented the infant.

"To read?" said his father. "Have not you your 'Mother Goose,' or 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' or 'Grimm's Fairy Tales'?"

"I want something classical," said the six-year-old in scornful tones, and his yearnings were satisfied. Propped on three cushions and a dictionary he was wheeled before the library table and a huge volume of German poetry opened to his inquiring mind.—Baltimore Sun.

### Danish Greenland Expedition.

A message to an English science journal from Copenhagen states that the Danish scientific expedition to Greenland has arrived in the Danish colony of West Greenland, and reports that the Gjoa expedition, which started in August last year, was found at Dalrymple Rock. All the members of both expeditions are well.

### Doubles Gold Output.

The gold yield of New South Wales during May amounted to 20,275 ounces, valued at \$381,530, as compared with 10,852 ounces, valued at \$199,605, in the corresponding month of last year.



## TICKLE GRASS

BY BYRON WILLIAMS

### Utopia.

A field of clover,  
Red blooms all over—  
I know that scent!  
The bee, the rover,  
He loves this clover,  
And is content!

I love the clover,  
With blooms all over,  
As does the bee!  
But I, a rover,  
Am far from clover,  
Upon the sea!

Ah, bee! in clover,  
You're ten times over  
Wiser than I!  
You sing in clover—  
I fret, a rover,  
And yearn and sigh!

Oh, field of clover,  
With blooms all over,  
I swear—at sea—  
When I, the rover,  
Have been all over,  
I'll come to thee!  
Ah, field of clover,  
I'll roll all over,  
Amid thy bloom!  
No more a rover,  
I'll live in clover  
And sweet perfume!

Somehow the news of approaching nuptials always brings a glow to the heart. Marriage, we are told, is a holy and a ticklish state of servitude, but the continued practice of marriage leads to the conclusion that few have compunctions against their unhappiness and all decide they will stand for the tickling if they "holler their heads off," as the uncouth slangist says. The poet insists that marriages are made in heaven, but according to an Iowa exchange, they are made in a livery rig. The editor of the Hickory Hollow Bee says: "George Sampson has been seen with a livery rig big enough for two, driving toward Scottsbluff. Another wedding looked for."

It makes one homesick to read the country papers in June. By this vehicle of news at this time we learn that "the excitement incidental to high school commencement is past" and that now "the Tribune expects to see our citizens take more interest in village improvements." Ah, days of Cocagne! when "graduatins" had the whole town by the ears! And that fateful night, how we settled the momentous questions of the world! But come to think about it, they didn't stay settled!

In Sunday school we were taught that it pays to get religion before the cyclone strikes. Perils lie all about us, and every day's delay jeopardizes our chances for passing under the wire while St. Peter is still in the judges' stand. Incidents illustrating narrow escapes of men that have tarried by the wayside to scoff, are legion, but one of exceptional interest comes from the west where a Colorado editor says: "A brick fell from a scaffold on the Simpson building Saturday. Col. Hank Brown was in its line of descent. The brick landed on Col. Hank's head and he saw the entire starry firmament in all its splendor. The brick was broken and a severe cut on the topknot was left Hank as a souvenir."

### Success and Luck.

Success was an earnest boy,  
With dinner pail and spade;  
While Luck hung about the town  
Where bottle pool was played!

Success was at work each day  
From daylight until dark!  
But Luck with one eye alert  
Lolled 'round the city park!

Ah, me! this was long ago;  
A score of years or more—  
Success? Oh, he's working yet!  
And Luck? Hard luck! He's sore!

It frequently happens that the fellow who took so much delight in rocking the boat, refuses absolutely to rock the cradle.

If the czar's troops at Port Arthur have the smallpox, why don't they break out? Ouch! Lemme alone!